ON THE

PEACE.

A

PINDARIC.

——Hic magnos potius Triumphos
Hic ames dici Pater atque Princeps.

Hor. Od. 2.

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I.

Give o're your horrid Clank of Arms,
Ye rugged Sons of War!
Give o're your Boaſt of hideous Wounds and Blows,
Your Drums and Trumpets loud Alarms!
No more let thund'ring Cannons Roar
Come rouling from afar,
And with their diſmal Tidings ſhake the trembling Shore!
We've done! We'll all our Sanguine Toils,
And cruel Wars, and coſtly Broils,
In peaceful Accents cloſe.
Peace ſpreads her Golden Wings around;
And Peace the Floods, and Peace the Fields reſound;
The Nations She of threatning Arms diveſts,
And ſooths them gently with her tender Hands,
And ſoftly lulls the reſtleſs Bands,
And cools the Martial Flames within their angry Breaſts.

Thus

II.

Thus, when Chaotic Matter looſely flow'd,
Subſtantial Gloom was all the Field,
Where, in unfathomable Space,
The ſtruggling Atoms fought for place,
And at each others Heads at random reel'd,
And the vaſt *Vacuum* groan'd beneath th' unwieldy Load.
Till Peace from Light's eternal Sources broke,
And her Almighty Father's Errand ſpoke,
And hover'd o're the darkſom Deep.
Beneath the *Sacred Dove*'s prolifick Wings ſhe lay,
Brooding on the unfledg'd Day;
And ſhot ſoft Streaks of ſilver Light
Thro' the dark Abyſs of Night.
Th' Atomic Warriours ſpy'd her wondrous Gleams,
And huſh'd their Native Jarrs to ſleep;
Look'd on each other kindly, kindly twin'd,
And in a Thouſand Forms combin'd:
Prodigious Beauty, Symmetry Divine,
Was ſeen in every Part to ſhine.
They glaſs'd themſelves in thoſe reflective Beams,
Which, in a Moment, all amaſs'd in One,
Compos'd that Glorious Orb the Sun;
Who, in his Youthful Beauties dreſs'd,
Mov'd ſwiftly round them All, and warm'd them All;
Till, at their Great Creator's Call,
Fulneſs and Shape an Infant-World compos'd,
And all the Wounds of old Contentions clos'd,
With Love, and charming Smiles, and Heavenly Favours bleſs'd.

III.

O curs'd with ſolid Darkneſs! May
Impervious Horrors ſeize the fatal Day,
When firſt the *Prince of Hell*,
Who late beneath Almighty Thunders fell,
Sow'd Sin, and Death, and Plagues, and Wars,
And endleſs Diſcords, endleſs Jarrs,
Where ſpotleſs Innocence before
The threatning Sword and peaceful Scepter bore!
He burſt the Adamantine Barrs
Of Love and Friendſhip; and a Cloudleſs World
Into Eternal Storms and dark Confuſions hurl'd.
He fill'd the *Firſt-born Man*, the World's great Heir,
With Pride, lean Malice, and with pale Deſpair:
He taught Him firſt to break the ſacred Bands

Of

Of gentler Nature, and to fly
At Heav'ns Superiour Majeſty,
And ſcorn his juſt Commands.
Beneath his Hand his Harmleſs Brother dy'd,
And loud his Blood to Heaven for weighty Vengeance cry'd.

IV.

His impious Race, a barbarous Crew,
The ſame inhumane Steps purſue;
Ruſh thro' the World, and, with tempeſtuous Rage,
Againſt the Sons of Heav'n engage.
No Faith, no Truth, no Downy Peace
Can near their Bloody Quarters live;
They make Angelick Muſick ceaſe,
And to prodigious Crimes Indulgence give.
Thro' every Clime his tainted Offspring rove,
And at their Heels triumphant Diſcords move.
His Furies ſeiz'd old *Nimrod*'s daring Breaſt,
And *Babel*'s bruitiſh King poſſeſs'd;
Made *Alexander* range the trembling World,
And round him Blood and Deſolation hurld.
He taught *Rome*'s Monarchs all their Oaths were vain,
Bade them by Treacheries and Murders Reign,
And Sacred Truths by horrid Arts reſtrain.
He lead the Raging *Turk* thro' *Aſia*'s Field,
And to his Arms made waſted *Europe* yield.
Dark Superſtition on his *Sabre* hung,
His *Bow* unknowing Obſtinacy ſtrung.
Religion, Reaſon, Faith He proudly ſcorn'd,
And all Ambition's Barrs defy'd;
And, to enhaunce his Godleſs Pride,
His Hern's aſpiring Tops with Foreign Plumes adorn'd.

V.

Scarce had the Fierce *Morat*'s tempeſtuous Soul
Thrown off his mortal Chains,
Wing'd for the dark uncomfortable Plains,
Where *Stygian* Waves in endleſs Circles roul;
When that *Impoſtor Dove*, inur'd of old
Myſterious Follies to unfold;
By whoſe unhappy Whiſpers fir'd,
The *Epileptick Seer* Infernal Flames inſpir'd,
Flew in, and ſeiz'd him in his airy way,
And firmly graſp'd the Ghoſtly Prey;
Cut thro' the Regions of the Sky,
Where hollow Thunders roar, and pointed Lightnings fly,

And after many a tedious Flight,
Now ſweeping o're the Plains, now ſoaring towards the Light,
Perch'd on the *hopeleſs Dame*'s Imperial Bed,
Long to Nuptial Comforts dead.
But now with ſtrange Prolifick Force endew'd,
And with exalted Hopes of riſing Heirs renew'd.
The Dove i'th' Royal Embryo ſtreight infus'd
Her panting Charge, the Royal Embryo ſtreight
Felt the lively dreadful Weight,
The buſie Soul, thro' every tender Limb diffus'd,
A thouſand cruel Pangs diſplay'd,
A thouſand dire Convulſions made
In the dark Chambers of the tortur'd Womb,
Till, Ten uneaſie Moons o're paſt,
With many dreadful Throws at laſt
The *monſtrous Babe* appear'd, and ſhook the trembling Room.

VI.

Scarce could He wield his mighty Arms,
When, unappal'd with Thunders fierce Alarms,
Boldly againſt the Gods he talk't,
And o're the *German* Fields with hideous paces ſtalk't.
Pale Fears, and winged Terrors march'd before,
And Perjury his crimſon Standard bore;
Death, Ruins, Murders, Rapines ſtalk'd behind,
And Cruelties, by Helliſh Arts refin'd,
The frighted Gods their ſacred Orbs forſook,
And by the *Danube*, and the *Rhine*
In Figures undivine,
Their final Shelter took.
The Royal Eagle droop'd his Wing,
Durſt not his uſual Thunders bring.
Nor *Jove* himſelf his ſlighted Lightnings fling.
He only Safty for Himſelf deſir'd,
And in a thouſand ſhapes before the Storm retir'd.

VII.

But louder ſtill the Giant Conquerour rag'd,
And ſtill againſt the Sacred Throne engag'd;
Up from their Roots the Snowy *Alps* he tore,
And on his mighty Shoulders bore
The long-ribb'd *Apennines*, and o're
Them both the *Pyrenæan Mountains* threw,
And nearer ſtill to Heav'ns bright Empire drew,
And almoſt graſp'd the Radiant Throne,
Reſolv'd to be a God, and Rule the World alone.

VIII.

But what ſhall Heaven, and what ſhall We
Pay, great *Britannick Hercules*, to thee?
When all in dark Confuſions lay,
And Men and Gods reſign'd the Day,
And Lightnings loſt their dreadful Force,
And frighted Nature chang'd her Courſe;
The *Britiſh Hero* rous'd his thundring Arm,
And, with a ſtern Alarm,
Taught the Conquerour firſt to fear;
Down the pil'd-up Mountains hurld,
And check'd the bold Aſpirer's mad Carier,
And ſav'd the Starry World.

IX.

Each God reviv'd, his Sacred Air aſſumes,
The Royal Eagle imps her Plumes,
And to *Sicilian Ætna*'s Forges flies,
And with new Lightning furniſhes the Skies.
The *Gods great Father* took the lofty Throne,
And bright again his Glories ſhone;
Fiercely his ruddy Bolts he threw,
And to the War the Gods behind their *Champion* flew:
The *Fierce Alcides* led them on,
His weighty Club and brinded Spoils,
The awful Meed of his Victorious Toils,
Than mighty *Jove* himſelf more formidable grown.

X.

The Giant foil'd, and ſpent with Wounds and Heat,
And forc'd to make a ſwift Retreat;
With Looks askance, and with a furious Scowl,
And many a dreadful Groan, and many a diſmal Howl,
Turn'd back; but when he felt his panting Heart,
And ſudden Languors ſeize on every Part,
And felt his Spirits, forc'd from their Vital Seat,
Againſt their utmoſt Bounders beat;
Himſelf, like Men in Dreams, in vain to fight,
And ſaw the dawning Gloom of near-approaching Night;
He ſnatch'd a *Bough* from chaſte *Minerva*'s Tree,
And with a trembling Arm
To *Brave Alcides* ſhow'd the *Golden Charm*,
The *Brave Alcides* ſmil'd to ſee
The Sacred Gift; the Gods around it hung,

Away

Away their angry Arms they flung,
And *Io's* to the Peaceful Emblem ſung,
And bade the rattling Storm, the Martial Tempeſt ceaſe.

XI.

Nor are we faulty when with Giants leagu'd,
Giants to Reaſon's Sacred Laws ſubdu'd:
Had *Perſeus*, when with tedious Flights fatigu'd,
Been by the mighty *Atlas* entertain'd,
Atlas no Gorgon's Snakes had ſeen,
Nor Heav'ns unmov'd Supporter been;
Atlas had ſtill a Man remain'd,
And ſtill his Heavenly Arts purſu'd.
And, tho' oppos'd with furious Skill before,
The Chriſtian Champions ne're could find
A Friend more faithful, nor a Nobler Mind,
Than in the conquer'd virtuous *Grandimore*.

XII.

Now flowing Plenty, with a Springy Tide,
Shall o're the Wavy Plains triumphant ride;
See every Bay, and every Harbour round
With Peaceful Enſigns gaily crown'd;
The *Gallick Fields* ſhall now again be Till'd,
Their Vatts with generous Liquors fill'd.
The *Dutch* ſhall all their ſhatter'd Banks repair,
And purge their Boggy reſtiff Air,
With the rich Spices of the Eaſt,
And new *Batavia's* fragrant Traffick bleſt.
The *Spaniards* ſhall their Silver Fleet
And bulky *Galeons* with ſlight *Armada's* meet,
Graſp the wide *Indies* in their greedy Arms;
Bring home *Tenuſtitan's* and *Cozco's* Spoils,
The fatal Seeds of future Broils,
Unſhock'd by *Gauliſh Bucaniers* Alarms.
The *Germans* fierce in Fight, and paid for Blood,
Who like ſome Rock againſt the Tempeſt ſtood,
Shall now with Winter's headlong Torrents roul
Againſt the batter'd *Turk* and factious *Pole*;
Force all the Bars by Martial Order caſt,
And reach the Glorious Seat of *Conſtantine* at laſt.

XIII.

Return, ye pious Sons of Peace!
Return! Our flowing Joys increaſe!

Sweet

Sweet *Williamſon*, whoſe Silver Tongue
At once allures and aws the ſturdy Throng;
And can, with Milky Streams of Eloquence,
In bruitiſh Souls infuſe ſoft Thoughts and eaſie Senſe.
Brave *Jerſey*, Beauty's Manly Heir,
As Heroes bold, as ſmiling Angels fair,
Juſtly his Prince's Favourite,
And gay with youthful Beams of his reflected Light!
Pembroke, whoſe Noble Arts and Grateful Name,
Till this vaſt *All* in Ruines lies,
And off like Dew before the Morning flies,
Shall load the ſpreading Wings of Fame!
Pembroke, Immortal Learning's Darling Son!
Whoſe gallant Thoughts as vaſt a Circle run
As Jolly *Phœbus* when he mounts the Skies,
And thro' the radiant *Signs* with panting Swiftneſs flies.

XIV.

And thou *Hephæſtion*, brave in Arms!
The *God-like William*'s Boſom Friend,
Whoſe Thoughts each Movement of his Sacred Breaſt attend
With Friendſhip's unreſiſted Charms.
Portland, who all th' obſcureſt Characters could read
Of dark Myſterious Majeſty,
Read every Glance of *William*'s piercing Eye,
Where all the Fates of Empire lie,
And Calms and Tempeſts breed!
Bold active Soul! whoſe *looſe Diſcourſes* bore
More Weight than all the *proud Formalities* before,
Cut ſhort the Politicians tedious Ways,
Their artful Quarrels and their ſmooth Delays;
Put angry *Louis* to a fatal ſtand,
And wreſted Peace from *Bouffler*'s Warlike Hand,
Return with Olive-leaves, ye happy Doves!
The mighty Rains, the Storms are gone,
And off the heavy Clouds are blown,
And o're the *Britiſh Iſles* the Sun ſerenely moves.

XV.

The *Britiſh Iſles* are, like the Fields above,
Circled with Peace, impregnate all with Love;
Her Sons, lead by *her Heroes* Martial Hand,
Shall all the *Weſtern World* by Love and Arms command.
Freely ſhe paid to break the Chains
Of ſtruggling *Europe*, freely ſpent her Gold,
Freely her Youthful Blood ſhe ſold,

Her Sons to every Blaſt expos'd,
Truſted her Life, her Soul, her envy'd Store
To all the Dangers of a diſtant Shore,
On the *Juvernian* and *Batavian* Plains,
With ſerring Troops and ſounding Arms enclos'd.

XVI.

Not that he lov'd the War, but griev'd to ſee
His *Europe* robb'd of Liberty;
Forc'd into Arms, he boldly ſtemm'd the Tide
Of fierce Ambition, and of furious Pride.
For *Peace* he made his Search thro' Fields of Blood,
And travers'd all the Purple Flood;
For *Peace* thro' Mountain Corpſes ſought,
To *Peace* his Way thro' ſtubborn Armies fought;
For *Her* the proudeſt *Gallick Navies* burn'd,
And wealthy Towns to *Flambeaus* turn'd:
Not *Ætna*'s Pines ſhone with a fiercer Light,
When *Ceres*, wandring thro' the Gloomy Night,
Look'd for the Raviſh'd Maid
By *Hell's Black King* to *Stygian* Realms betray'd.
H' has got the Glorious Prize, and reach'd the Shore,
And now returns for Martial Arts renown'd,
His Brows, tho' ſtain'd with bluſhing Gore,
With Olive Garlands crown'd.

XVII.

He comes! *Great William* comes triumphant home!
Welcome, as to his own Imperial *Rome*,
The Great *Auguſtus* came,
Rich with his wealthy Spoils and with his God-like Name:
Not leſs his *Country's Father* He,
Tho' with his Country's nobleſt Blood embru'd,
And every Place the ſad Memorials ſhew'd
Of dire *Proſcriptions*, and of dreadful Woes,
And the diſhoneſt Scars of deadly Blows
Made at his Country's Liberty.
Peace was *his Miſtreſs*, *Peace* he courted more
Than all the *Julian Legacy* before.
Oft he look'd back when forc'd to quit the Shore,
And truſt the ſtormy Sea.
The mighty *Pompey*'s worthleſs Son,
Unmanly *Anthony*,
By *Cleopatra*'s Charms undone,
Forbad the *Banns*, unſluc'd huge Floods of Gore,

Let

Let Wars with desolating Pinions fly,
And o're *Rome*'s wasted World made every Tempests roar.

XVIII.

Undaunted still the brave *Octavius* stood,
And like *Orion* march'd above the Flood,
Sought for *his Love* thro' blushing *Europe*'s Fields,
Sought her thro' *Africk*'s sandy Plain,
Where the *Sun's Bird* her Spicy Death-bed builds,
And *Asia*'s Arms embrace the rolling Main.
The hot-mouth'd Brutes would no Commands obey;
No Voice, no Reins could check their headstrong Force,
No Bars oppose their furious Course,
But on they whirl'd the Charioteer away.
Then wide *Euphrates* lav'd his tainted Sides
With uncouth Floods and crimson Tides.
The huge-limb'd *Horse* and scaly *Crocodile*
Lay choak'd with bloody Streams along the putrid *Nile*.

XIX.

The shallow *Mincius*, swell'd with sanguine Rains,
Forbade the tuneful Swains
To sing or feed on *Mantua*'s mournful Plains.
Scarce could *Immortal Maro*'s sacred Muse
Her flying Lord excuse;
Deaf Fate had almost pass'd the senseless Doom,
And dash'd the Records of Eternal *Rome*.
Sweet *Tully*'s all-commanding Tongue
No more could manage the sequacious Throng;
But *Arms* now trampled on the Reverend *Gown*,
And struck the Charming Speaker down.
Then might the *Tyber*'s turgid Tide
Another *Mars*'s *Field* have shown,
And *Senatorial Corpses* rolling down,
Wrap'd in all their *Tyrian* Pride,
Have stopp'd against a shelfy Sand,
And new Foundations laid, and rais'd a solid Land.

XX.

That happy Prince had now the Storm subdu'd,
And Peace the ruin'd World renew'd,
The fatal *Gates of War* were clos'd,
And Frauds and Broils with pious Laws compos'd,
And furious *Discord* in her Brazen Chain
Gnash'd with her bloody Teeth, and roar'd and foam'd in vain.

Rome

Rome was at laſt the *Gallant Hero*'s Reſt,
With *Fame's Triumphal Arches* dreſs'd.
Another Face exulting Nature ſhow'd;
To Sea untainted *Tiber* gently flow'd.
Up ſoon a thouſand Buildings ſprung,
As if the Neighbouring Ground
Had been with *Vegetative Marble* crown'd,
And high in groaning Air the nodding Arches hung.

XXI.

Now buſie Fame her ſhrilleſt Trumpet blew,
And thro' the World admir'd *Auguſtus* flew.
Scarce was the Ecchoing *Clangor* heard,
When Troops of Tributary Kings appear'd.
And where *Rome*'s *Name* had ne'er been known,
Nor her Victorious Eagles flown,
India to him her *Sooty Princes* brought,
His Smiles the *Stubborn Parthian* ſought:
The furry *Scythians* heard his ſounding Name,
Which down the mighty *Volga* roll'd,
And pierc'd the rigid Hills of everlaſting Cold.
Streight to his Court the *Scythian Monarch* came,
Dreadful in Arms, for peaceful Arts renown'd,
With Love at home and Foreign Lawrels crown'd.
Nay *God the Son* the wondrous Calm ſurvey'd,
And his *Bleſs'd Sire's* Eternal Doom obey'd;
And that he might from *Mary*'s Virgin Womb
True Fleſh and real Blood aſſume.
A ſpotleſs Body, and enſoul'd with Love,
Stoop'd from the bliſsful Realms above;
Alone he bore the Terrors of the Field,
Alone the utmoſt Dangers ſought;
Alone with all *Hell*'s angry Armies fought,
And made the *Prince of Malice* yield:
Bad all the Broils of ſurly Nature ceaſe,
And to the Faithful VVorld ſecur'd *Eternal Peace*.

F I N I S.